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ENCOURAGEMENTS TO UNTHRIFT.

THE public discussions that have lately taken place with a view to promote the cultivation of thrift, would seem to indicate a belief that things have gone a little too far in the way of mis-expenditure of means and want of foresight. Possibly there may be some adventitious object to serve in these oratorical displays; but at all events they are the echo of what we have been endeavouring to inculcate for a long course of years—a reasonable thriftiness in living, along with the pleasant consciousness of self-reliance. Unfortunately, everything that can be said by the press or by public speaking in this direction is largely neutralised by a vast organisation of charitable aid in all great centres of population. Through the well-meaning but heedless operations of philanthropists, the humbler and other sections of the community are systematically deprived by offers of succour under the pressure of such difficulties as happen to overtake them. The persons so operated upon may very fairly say: 'What is the use of being thrifty? When the worst comes to the worst, we have hundreds of charities to fall back upon. For every disease that may afflict ourselves or our families, medicines and medical attendance can be had for nothing. Trying to save would deprive us of our comforts, and be ridiculous. Carry on! It will be all the same a hundred years hence. As the old song goes:

When the house is running round about,
It is time enough to flit;
For, we've aye been provided for,
And so will we yet.'

There, in defiance of Solomon's proverbs, of the apothegms of Franklin, and admonitions without end, lies the whole philosophy of the thriftless. They know they will be provided for somehow, and give themselves no concern about the future.

Among all the public charities that are habitually abused, those dedicated to the alleviation and cure of disease are the most conspicuous. Whether these charities are supported by endowments or

by voluntary contributions, the result is the same. They are shamefully taken advantage of. While beneficently rendering aid to those who from no fault of their own are unable to pay for medical treatment, they offer an encouragement to unthrift and pauperisation. This we pointed out a year or two ago in an article entitled 'Mischievous Philanthropy;' and it is made more abundantly evident in the recently published work on 'Pay Hospitals,' by Mr H. C. Burdett (Churchill, London), in which the facts rest on unchallengeable authority. The matter has become so flagrant, that propositions are being made to set on foot Hospitals and Dispensaries for the benefit of which a reasonable sum is charged. We shall select a few from the many instances of abuse in the free hospital and dispensary system as presented by Mr Burdett.

The first important case is that of the Royal Free Hospital, London, where 'it has been shewn that the out-patient department is abused to the extent of seventy-four per cent., if we include the whole of those patients who are able to pay to a provident dispensary. In other words, out of six hundred and forty-one cases investigated, one hundred and sixty-nine, or twenty-six per cent., were found to be fit objects for the charity.' This was the hospital which George Moore, the philanthropist, so strenuously promoted. What would he have said to the facts just quoted? 'Everywhere,' says Mr Burdett, 'the number of patients applying for free medical relief has increased to the extent of nearly fifty per cent. in our large towns during the last ten years. Thus, in London at the present time, one in four of the whole population receives gratuitous medical relief when ill.' In the space of ten years in Birmingham, the number of patients treated gratuitously rose from sixty-six to a hundred and four thousand. In Liverpool, in 1877, one in two of the population relied on medical charity. 'It thus becomes evident that the present system of medical relief must be remodelled. It injures all classes. It demoralises the patient, deprives the poor of their lawful inheritance, defrauds the

medical profession, and hampers the hospital finances. It is hopeless to expect that people will put aside even a penny a week for medicine and a doctor's attendance when they can get as much for the mere asking. As long, therefore, as the hospitals give their relief so freely and indiscriminately, we must expect that the people will use this stepping-stone to pauperism, and be deprived of that happiest of results, the healthy feeling of self-help and independence, which belongs to those who do their duty in providing for the necessities of life.

It is curious to observe how some large towns make enormous efforts to increase the size of their free hospitals, and encourage all and sundry to frequent them, as if they were performing a great work of beneficence, when probably a half or a third of all who are received as patients are able to pay for medical attendance. The boast of some hospitals is that no applicant who on examination requires to be medically treated will be turned away. In one sense, it is a noble principle of action; but closely considered, it includes a disregard of how many persons in decent circumstances are pauperised. That people who are tolerably well off are admitted to these free and easy hospitals, is obvious from the newspaper obituaries. As if signifying a break-down in independent principle, families do not seem to think there is anything derogatory in announcing that one of their members died in a hospital supported by charitable contributions. It may be presumed that in such cases the feelings have been so blunted, that medical treatment for nothing is taken not as a charity but as a right.

There is a certain drollery in these misconceptions; but they go beyond a joke. The rearing of huge hospitals to meet the increasing demands of patients forms a heavy though voluntary tax on the community, and not less onerous is the annual expenditure. Lately, a very grand new Hospital, styled the Royal Infirmary, was opened in Edinburgh. It was built, and will be supported, by private contributions. According to a public statement, the buildings have cost three hundred and forty thousand pounds. The number of beds that can be provided for patients is six hundred. Reckoning the interest on the cost at four per cent., and the cost of maintenance, the outlay on each bed will be about seventy-eight pounds per annum. If fewer than six hundred beds are fitted up, the cost of each will be proportionally increased. Any one, therefore, who remains in the Infirmary for a month costs the public at least six pounds; without reference to the value of medical attendance, which in the interests of the medical school is gratuitous so far as patients are concerned. Facts of this kind should lead to some sobering reflections.

With a view to limit the number of applicants for gratuitous board, lodging, and medical attendance, the plan of charging a registration fee of one shilling has been tried at several free hospitals; but it is found to introduce fresh evils. Idlers go about begging for money, under pretence of procuring a shilling to pay the fee. This plan has besides the demerit of excluding the absolutely poor, who ought properly to be the recipients of the charity. Everything considered, it comes to this, that the right thing to do is to set up Pay Hospitals and Pay Dispensaries on the plan of Provident

Societies. That is to say, by paying a small sum per week or month, a family would receive medical succour in the event of any ailment. Any such scheme properly worked would encourage thrift, and be the means of relieving the public from enormous claims now made on them for charitable contributions. It is mentioned that Provident medical schemes, varied according to circumstances, have proved successful in France, Spain, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Austria, America, and the Colonies. Schemes of this kind are in operation in some parts of England, and it would be satisfactory to see them more generally extended.

Other economic plans commend themselves for support. As, for example, attaching Pay-wings to free hospitals. An excellent Pay-wing has been attached to a free hospital at Montreal. Wherever they have been rightly begun, hospitals of this useful description have proved to be of immense use to isolated individuals who have no dwelling-house of their own, and who sensitively shrink from encroaching on a charity. In some quarters, objections may be raised to Pay-wings. It may be urged that they are not sufficiently detached from the charity departments, and would prove a failure. In that case, let Pay Hospitals of moderate dimensions and of different varieties to suit the means and tastes of applicants, be tried. In this species of minor hospitals, under the name of Sanatoria, Paris and its environs offer good specimens, generally, we believe, the property of physicians. They are in fact private boarding-houses for medical treatment; the accommodation and the charges made being adapted to the different classes of persons who take advantage of them. In some cases, the inmates of Pay Hospitals are not excluded from employing their own medical attendant. Mr Burdett's book may be consulted as to experiments of one kind or other that have been made respecting schemes of payment both for hospital treatment and for the dispensing of medicines. To our mind, the subject is involved in no material difficulty. Where there is a will there is a way. The chief obstacle, as we apprehend, to the introduction of any such schemes for lessening dependence on charities, may be expected to come from existing institutions. Over a long course of years, interests and prejudices have grown up, and are tenacious in their vitality. We happen to know a case where an energetic attempt in a large city was made, for the sake of economy in management, to coalesce the public charities into kindred groups. The idea met with general favour; but it also incurred formidable opposition. Interests in charities were viewed as trade interests. The attempt was worse than a failure. It ended only in a fresh organisation.

It would be absurd to affect an ignorance of the progress of thrift, notwithstanding the many powerful influences exerted in an opposite direction. The tokens of improved habits meet us in all directions. The vast sums now deposited in the Savings-banks. The numerous instances of workmen buying and inhabiting neat and salubrious dwellings, a circumstance largely owing to Provident Building Societies. The diffused taste for reading. A higher style of dress among both sexes. The universal culture of the young by means of compulsory education. We would add, the greater leisure to think, and disposition to

inquire. On the bare surface of society, the change for the better is at once manifest in comparison with what we remember two generations back. The human being, so to speak, is of more value. On the whole, things are going on very well, though they might be better. We still observe, especially on the occasion of holidays, a prodigious mass who, delivering themselves up to idle and mischievous habits, seem not to have advanced one iota. They have relatively gone back. In their rough looks and ragged wretchedness, their vacantly staring about with their hands in their pockets, their pouring in streams into public-houses, their fights and brawls, of which we hear enough in the daily newspaper reports—in all this, and in more that could be mentioned, we have the flagrant proof that society is yet a good way from the millennium. In plain terms, in the midst of a higher civilisation there is a conspicuous stratum of barbarism, that as a heavy drag retards everything.

If let alone to experience the consequence of their improvidence, this dark mass might possibly be diminished; but on the contrary, it is pampered and kept alive in all its hideous recklessness by the meddlesomeness of philanthropists, who cherish it as a choice field of operations for their crochets. Misery is rendered perennial instead of casual. We hold that as long as every species of misexpenditure and bodily ailment is liable to be succoured by charitable associations, there will, of course, be Encouragements to Unthrift. W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER X.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It was a conscious smile, which recognised its own charming existence.

WHY do I always think of Wrethedale as I knew it in the summer-time; and why am I quite baffled now that I try to recall it as I first saw it on that dismal winter-night? An old west-country friend of mine, hunting me up the other day, found me inwrapped in fog within two hundred yards of Temple Bar, and his very mention of the place created in these gloomy chambers a sense of sunshine and green fields. You may seek in vain for Wrethedale now. The quaint cross-timbered houses with their thatched eaves and diamonded windows have disappeared, and trim villas line the road. The lilac's bloom and the laburnum's drooping gold no longer overhang the dusty, crooked, little highway. The swinging tavern-sign has at length taken the flight which on gusty days it used to meditate of old, and the tavern has followed it. The big tree on the green—the green itself—they are as clean gone as that by-gone self of mine who knew them. I sometimes feel so regretful over these changes, that I mourn for the little village as though for a friend departed.

The place is opulent and new-fangled. A line of railway with sides of bare earth intersects the lovely landscape, and shapeless bridges offend the eye. The sweet quiet is broken by hoarse screams and pantings. Rural silence has fled from the very heart of its home, and if you would be in

the country, you must leave Wrethedale behind you. I have a right to be aggrieved at all this.

In my Black Country home I had had but little chance of falling in love with Nature, whose countenance was so torn and scarified as to be scarcely lovely. Not even there, of course, could the heart of a child go without some recognition of the brightening of the sky, and the softening of the air in spring-time, some gladness in the languor of the summer afternoon, some welcome for the solemn peace of autumn's skies. But here Nature wore the loveliest of faces always, and most lovingly wooed me.

My schoolmates for the first week or two were just of the average caste, exciting neither special likings nor dislikings. I discovered to my own surprise on one occasion that I could be roused to fight in self-defence; and having fought and conquered, and established my footing, lived in tolerable peace and comfort. The Rev. Charles Davies was a good little man of consumptive tendencies. He was eminently painstaking and pious, and for the rest, commonplace. A good little man who did his work dutifully according to his lights, which were not brilliant. He had a good little wife, who coddled him and us, and spent herself wholly—the good little soul!—in kindly offices for all about her. But they are phantoms here, and have no purpose to fulfil in this story. The good little clergyman's good little wife took a natural interest in my forlorn condition. Sally's first visit was made on a Saturday afternoon, and she was admitted to see me in the schoolroom, at that time deserted by its usual occupants, who were romping and shouting to their hearts' content in the gravelled ground outside. While Sally and I were in the full flow of mutual confidence, Mrs Davies came into the schoolroom, and entered into talk with Sally, and drew from her my little history. This was a subject over which Sally always cried; and Mrs Davies, who was not a strong-minded woman, cried a little with her, and told her she was a good kind soul, and said she should always be welcome to come and see me. I also cried a little, I remember, and was a good deal petted and generally made much of. I missed Sally heavily at first, but grew gradually reconciled, and found a friend in the manageress of our childish affairs. Life glided along smoothly enough for a while in this quiet place and under these happy auspices.

It was the first of May, and we were promised a half-holiday. The Reverend Charles and his two ushers were in the best of earthly humours; and I, with some half-dozen others, was lazily reciting the products of Madagascar, when Mrs Davies entered the little side class-room in which we sat and summoned her husband from the school. When he returned, as he did in a few minutes, he brought a new boy with him. 'This, young gentlemen,' he said, 'is Master George Gascoigne.—You will learn the names of your companions, Gascoigne, by-and-by.'

The new boy was a slim and pallid youth, with long golden curls and handsome blue eyes and a girlishly beautiful face. He was quite self-possessed, and inclined his head towards us at this introduction. I, remembering my own awkward advent, and the painful shyness which overmastered me when the Reverend Charles delivered

himself of his little set speech on the occasion of my introduction to the school, was almost awed by the pleasant and easy smile of this new-comer. The smile was a genuine bit of sunshine, and gave the face, for the moment that it dwelt there, both warmth and colour. Perhaps I mix my memories here once more, and confuse first and later impressions; but I have often thought since then, that any grown-up creature, looking at that lad's face, should have seen what great things lay within him, and how easy it might be to turn them all to evil. Any grown-up creature with the slightest faculty for observation might have gained some knowledge of the boy's character from his smile, and having gained the knowledge, might have used it for his good. For as I knew afterwards, he was keenly susceptible to all opinions, and as ductile-hearted as a girl. But nobody saw or cared, and he, my best and dearest friend, and my worst enemy and his own, grew up; to fulfil his destiny perhaps.

I have spoken of his smile. Let me try to say what I observed in it then—child as I was—and noticed in it many a time afterwards. It was perfectly frank and spontaneous. But it was a conscious smile, which recognised its own charming existence, and recognised your appreciation of it; and in its pleasure in itself, and in your pleasure at it, lived a little moment longer than it would otherwise have done. It captivated me at once, I know; and that afterglow in the face which seemed to recognise my sensation and to gladden in it, was sweeter than the smile itself. He was five years older than I, and was tall for his age. It was significant of the best and the worst of him that he signalled me out for friendship from the first. It was significant of the best of him, because he was always kindly to the weak, and disposed to cheer such as were alone. It was significant of his worst, because half of all he did was done for the sake of admiration and applause, and because he chose me mainly for my unreasoning worship.

There are men who have forgotten that they were ever children, and who seem to fancy that boyhood is an almost characterless age. In such cases an appeal to memory would be useless. Let them give themselves for an hour to the study of a group of school-boys, and discover to their astonishment that the finer marks of human nature are there developed as well as those broad and simple lines of characterisation, which have alone accredited themselves to their unobservant eyes.

The fashion after which the Reverend Charles Davies treated his pupils to a half-holiday was about as significant of him as the term by which our small diversion was known was significant of it. The pupils were duly marshalled in orderly military fashion, were told off by fours, wheeled into fours, and solemnly marched through some three or four miles of country road, which led nowhere in particular, except that the circuitous windings of our march always landed us at the school-gates. I had already made three of these stiff and monotonous excursions, and looked forward with no great joy to the fourth. Yet, as became the first of May—which is not always so sweetly smiling as in justice to its poetic fame it should be—the fields were thick with flowers, the hedges were already giving sign of that fair bloom which bears the name of the month it owes its life

to, the skies were clear, the wind was fresh and balmy, and things generally were vastly more inviting to the school-boy soul, outside the school than in it. Even in one of those foolish rows of four, it was possible to taste the sweetness of the air. Even if forbidden to dash at large through those floral fields, one could look at them. There was a certain jolly old blackbird who in the course of our last walk had flittered after us, and taunted us with our want of freedom, along a good quarter of a mile of road, keeping himself carefully behind the hedge meanwhile. Surely his society was worth something, though one shared it as a close-bound unit in fifteen monotonous rows of four.

We were all marshalled in the playground and arranged in order when the Reverend Charles emerged from the house accompanied by Gascoigne. We stood there in solemn row whilst the meek little clergyman walked along the rank and inspected us front and rear, like a general among troops on a review day. Gascoigne followed him; and when the little man had completed his inspection and had come round to our front again, the new boy slipped his hand into the master's and stood there by his side. The Reverend Charles looked down upon him with an air of rebuke, as I fancied; but Gascoigne met his glance with a smile of such confident affection, that the small man patted him on the shoulder and smiled in return.

'With whom will you walk, Gascoigne?' asked the Reverend Charles. 'You may choose your own companion for to-day.'

It was a little thing perhaps, but it won my heart at once. Gascoigne left the master's side and took his place by me, and touched me lightly on the shoulder. It was a little thing, but I had been busy with fancies concerning him, in my imaginative childish way, and he was so much older and stronger and taller and handsomer than I; and altogether, as I have said, the action won my heart. I looked up at him with a shy gratitude; and he looked back upon me with that splendid aspect of affectionate protection which I learned afterwards to know so well, and to take so much delight in. Our ways are differently ordered now, and wide apart; but if I could undo the past—his past and mine—and stand beside him again with that unquestioning acceptance of his worth, how gladly I would do it!

We were the chief institution of Wrethedale, and the village was proud of us. It is just possible that we robbed here and there a garden now and then, and that we were upon occasion a nuisance. But on these public days of holiday display the village turned out and audibly admired us; and one or two of the oldest of Wrethedale's inhabitants used to bid God bless us as we passed. They were unused to processions in Wrethedale, and a very small show excited the good folk's emotions. So we tramped with fair regularity of step through the winding village street. The smith and the landlord of the *Wrethedale Arms* took off their caps to the Reverend Charles, and old crones courtesied at the cottage doors. The children ran after us and before us and beside us, and turning suddenly round upon us, stared shyly and ran on again. The wagoner, gay in honour of the sweet month's advent, touched his tanned forehead as we filed past him, and drew his ribboned team

aside to let us go by in unbroken order. The road was firm beneath our feet, and neither damp nor dusty. The hedges were green on either side; and now and again, where a gate broke in upon the hedgerow, we had glimpses of the pleasant western country right or left.

I suppose the May weather touched the juvenility which was certainly still vital in him somewhere, for just as we reached Old Bunn's strawberry gardens—a favourite resort of the people of the little country-town hard by—the Reverend Charles halted and addressed us. 'Young gentlemen,' said the Reverend Charles, 'you may now walk out of rank.'

There was a rush and a yell. The mob of young gentlemen went headlong down the lane.

Let me recall the place and the time. Beyond Old Bunn's gardens run three or four cottages, each with its pleasant little plot in front. On the opposite side of the lane, a pond full of tadpoles and young frogs, and strange creatures neither tadpole nor young frog, but in various intermediate conditions. I remember them keenly because of Gascoigne's lecture. Then beyond the pool a gate, over which one mild young heifer pushed an inquiring head, as if to ask what all the noise was about. Beyond that a barn at a corner of the highway, all ivy from base to roof, except for the great oak-doors. Beyond the barn, a dense mass of willows, white in the May-day wind. And over all the May-day sunshine, and the sense of liberty, and the freshness of the spring; and over even these the exultant gladness of the school-boy heart. Round the corner to the left, hidden until now by the thick-blossomed hedges, an old farmhouse—rackety, tumble-down, picturesque. A broken gate opening on a littered fold-yard. To the right that dense mass of willows, white in the May-day wind, feathering off gradually, with glimpses of the country between. And then a sudden swerve, and a brook with a fallen sapling across it, making its silver wavelets brawl a little; and beyond the hay-meadow on the other side such a stretch of country as you may seek in vain elsewhere. And over all the May-day sunshine and the sense of liberty and the freshness of the spring; and over even these the exultant gladness of the school-boy heart.

I write this after midnight, on a cold March night. The sound of London's latest traffic is in my ears. A market-cart goes rumbling towards Covent Garden. Yet a minute ago I was back in those glad fields. The brook rippled and the birds sang again. My old schoolfellows were calling one another round about me. My new friend was by my side. I shall take his hand no more; but, O Gascoigne, before I lay my pen down for the night, let me sit awhile and fancy that you too are back in those old scenes, and that you think of them and of all the broken history which followed them, with such repentance as matches my forgiveness.

I dwell upon that day because it belongs to him and has grown for me to be a part of him. We spent the whole afternoon together, and he charmed me. Even in those early days he charmed everybody, and exercised a subtle influence over all with whom he came in contact. Below the fallen sapling an old wooden baulk ran across the brook, accompanied half-way by a

decrepit hand-rail, which failed just where it might have begun to be of service. At the far end of this baulk rose a magnificent elm, which overshadowed the water, and mixed its boughs with those of the willows on the near side. The Reverend Charles had given up his scholars for the moment, and had resigned himself to the situation. He was peacefully walking along the road which ran by the brook-side. He had his hands folded behind him, and his hat very much at the back of his head, and he was evidently giving up his good little heart to the serene enjoyment of nature. Gascoigne pointed to him laughingly, and fell into so ludicrously accurate an imitation of his gait that I laughed in return. Mimicry I soon discovered was one of Gascoigne's special faculties. We sat down on the baulk together at the water's edge, and fell into conversation. To speak more accurately, Gascoigne cross-examined me and drew me out, and most skilfully and pleasantly manipulated me.

'You and I,' he said, 'are going to be friends.

What's your name?'

I told him.

'I shall call you Jack.'

I was really honoured beyond measure. I told him my little story. I described Sally and the little Black Country cottage; and told him of the young carpenter, and of Aunt Bertha and Mr Fairholt and Uncle Will and Polly. There was a feeling of freshness and even a little feeling of daring in making these revelations to a stranger. He had put his arm about my neck with a caressing protection which was natural to him, and as he had said, we were friends. I quite despair of conveying to any reader who may not have a similar remembrance the strength and rapidity with which my affection for him and my admiration of him took root and grew. He listened with such an unaffected pleasure; he questioned with so delicate and natural a tact, and with such a kindly interest, that my story was told quite easily and without embarrassment.

He returned my confidence, and told me all about himself. I gathered as the result of it that his parents were not wealthy, but that he was an only child, and had great expectations from somebody, who meant to send him to college and to make a man of him. He told me that he meant to be a clergyman. Like Mr Davies? I ventured to ask him. No, he answered laughingly; not at all like Mr Davies.

There we left the brook and wandered back a little, and he told me all about the frog and tadpole metamorphosis. We gathered wild-flowers, and he knew the names of all—the scientific names of some. His father, he told me then, was a scientific man, and amazingly clever. He had written books, and knew a great deal more than Mr Davies. This last in answer to my queries. Then he led me on to literature, and listened with a smiling friendly interest while he drew me out on that point. One of his chief charms then and always was that he had in perfection the art of putting an inferior at ease. In after-days, when his wish was fulfilled and he took his first curacy, I have seen him exercise that art with farmers and farm-labourers and the dull mechanics of the village. They were all charmed with him; as indeed how could they have been otherwise?

Our talk went on until the Reverend Charles had

gathered his strayed flock together, and was continued as we marched in military order home. He gave me a lift over a rough bit of Valpe's *Latin Grammar*—on whose mazes I had just entered—that evening; the first of many. To my infinite delight he took the spare bed in the room I slept in. Circumstances conspired in favour of our friendship. School-hours parted us of course, for he was far ahead of me, as was only natural. But in the playground we came together again, and in those games in which I was unable to join I had at least the satisfaction of seeing him outshine all our companions. He was an Admirable Crichton, and as good as he was clever and handsome. Some of the meaner spirits envied him; but even Envy was shortly silenced. He took and kept a place among us from the first which seemed to have been either reserved or created for him, and in our young republic he was president. His popularity never weaned him from me. From the promise made on the first afternoon of our acquaintance he never deviated. We were friends.

The holidays came at last, and with the groom came Sally to escort me home. Gascoigne and she had grown to know each other long before this, of course. Sally was in love with him; and he, as much for her own sake as for mine, was quite impressed with Sally. We parted most affectionately, and met again much sooner than we had hoped. For it turned out that Gascoigne's father was an old friend of Mr Fairholt's, and that after having left him unvisited for many years, as old friends will, he came over one day in the first week of the holidays, bringing Gascoigne with him. I was by this time—the first shyness of our reunion having disappeared—reinstalled as *jongleur*, and Polly had again assumed her regal state. A wild legend, into which I had pitchforked Gascoigne as knight-deliverer, and which I regret to say was afterwards imperiously set aside by Polly in favour of The Three Bears, was interrupted by Sally, who ran up to tell me that Gascoigne had arrived. I blush to admit that love and fealty were alike forgotten for the moment, and that I fell precipitately down-stairs to greet my friend, leaving Polly lonely with that weird and incomplete legend.

The house and its inmates alike seemed changed since that misty winter-night on which I had left for school. Mr Fairholt, who never noticed me, now went about in a slow, listless, broken way. Uncle Will was less cheerful than of old; and a settled melancholy had fallen on Aunt Bertha. Even Sally was saddened in some way that I could not understand. When I reached the hall, Mr Fairholt was greeting his guest, and Aunt Bertha was talking to Gascoigne. Uncle Will entered at the same moment, and with a momentary cheerfulness took my companion and myself in charge, and shewed Gascoigne the stables and the dogs. When we returned to the house we found that it had been arranged that the visitors should stay until the following evening, and Gascoigne and I settled down thereupon into talk. In the midst of it I remembered Polly, whom I straightway produced and introduced. He took her up in his arms and kissed her—a proceeding at which she feigned to be displeased. She over-looked Gascoigne's error shortly afterwards, and trotted after him everywhere, with a wondering

admiration of the things he did, and an admiring wonder at him, which satisfied me completely.

In consideration of Gascoigne's presence, I was allowed to sit up a little later than usual. We sat together as it grew dusk in the little room commonly used by Aunt Bertha, and I was relating the story of the first appearance of the face. Gascoigne had his arm about my neck as usual, and I was looking up at him as I spoke, when I noticed that he had ceased to listen, and was peering into the dusk with a somewhat alarmed expression. I stopped; and he pointed through the window, asking in a whisper: 'Jack, what's that?'

I looked out also, and saw the figure of a man, who came silently and with a stealthy crouching run across the lawn. I was just about to cry out in fear when I recognised the crouching figure as that of Uncle Will. But almost before I was assured of this I was again frightened. A hand was laid upon the window-sill, and a head slowly rose above it. The head turned from side to side, as if in suspicious watchfulness.

'A burglar!' whispered Gascoigne.

Uncle Will came nearer, with a slower step and with still greater caution, until he was near enough to lay a sudden hand upon the shoulder of the man who crouched beneath the window. At the touch the man started to his feet, and I fell back from Gascoigne's hold with a shriek. 'The face!' Horrified as I was by this sudden apparition of my phantom, I saw all that happened outside and heard the one word spoken. All that happened was that my phantom, turning round, threw his hands upwards and backwards and recoiled. In a flash of time he recovered himself and fled, and melted like a shadow in the shadows of the night. Uncle Will's first gesture was the same. He also recoiled with his hands thrown back and up, and so for the merest fragment of a second they faced each other. As my phantom turned to fly, the other precipitated himself towards him as if to seize him. He was too late, and lost his footing. Recovering himself, he followed that flying shadow with a cry:

'Frank!'

THE QUEEN'S GUARD.

THERE are many ancient customs still kept up in London which are more ornamental than useful, and amongst them we might class that which provides military guards to certain portions of the metropolis, despite the existence of a police force which is more than sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

In the days when regal splendour was deemed to be part and parcel of the life of a nation, such guards as were placed over the various palaces of the sovereign were really necessary to impart a martial and imposing appearance; but in these times of comparative simplicity in the matter of court ceremonies, and in the midst of loyalty so universal, their real usefulness has in a great measure departed.

Whether the sovereign is in or out of town, however, the visitor to London is absolutely certain of witnessing a military spectacle on any day of the week in the usual 'Guard-mounting' which

takes place at St James's Palace. This, as our readers are aware, is the old palace of the kings and queens of England, and the building in which official receptions, such as 'levees,' 'drawing-rooms,' &c. are frequently held.

As the clocks chime half-past ten in the morning the sound of martial music in the distance warns us that the 'Queen's Guard' is approaching; and presently one can descry the tall bearskin caps of the 'Household Brigade' towering above a motley crowd of onlookers, to many of whom the enlivening strains of the band are as good as a breakfast. Indeed it is averred that amongst the crowd there are persons who have never missed one 'Guard-mounting' for many years past, and who are as conversant with the military customs of London as the most veteran Guardsman.

As the 'Guard' comes nearer, we are able to tell which of England's famous regiments it is whose turn of duty has again brought its members along the 'Mall,' which has been trodden and re-trodden by them or their predecessors for more than two hundred years past. In fact, as we gaze upon the present scene we may very easily picture to ourselves another of a similar character, by substituting for 1879 the year of grace 1679, when the 'King's Guard' in its cavalier costume and large standard, marching along surrounded by a crowd of dainty courtiers, presently halts and lowers its colours as the Majesty of England passes by with its accompanying *spaniels*! The Park itself is very much changed since then, and in its present beautiful aspect would scarcely be recognisable to the noble loungers of the Restoration period, though perhaps the sturdy soldiers who are now treading its malls are not one whit different from those who fought at Worcester and Dunbar.

The Queen's Guard consists nowadays of five officers and about one hundred and forty rank and file. This is divided into three portions, or to use a military term, sections—namely, the St James's Palace Guard, or 'Queen's Guard' proper, which numbers three officers, four fifers and drummers, three sergeants, and sixty rank and file. It bears in its charge for twenty-four hours one of the colours or standards of the regiment; the Queen's colour on royal birthdays or if Her Majesty is in town, and the Regimental colour on ordinary days when the Court is absent.

The other sections form the Buckingham Palace Guard, and the Tilt Yard Guard—now called the 'Horse Guards' Parade,' the site of the tournament ground in olden times—each consisting of an officer, a bugler, and about forty rank and file. At one time there was also a number of smaller guards, which used to be posted on the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Duke of York's School, and other places of minor importance. The police have, however, long since been substituted for the military in these places, to the evident relief of the latter, and without detriment to the public welfare. In summer-time, and more especially on the day when Her Majesty's Birthday is kept, an impressive ceremony takes

place on the Horse Guards' Parade previous to the mounting of the guard, which is called 'trooping the colours.' Then the State colour of the regiment whose duty it is to furnish the Queen's Guard that day, is brought out of its hiding-place in the regimental orderly-room, and given over, with much pomp and circumstance, to the custody of the Queen's Guard for the next four-and-twenty hours; after which it is generally cased and returned to its former resting-place by the drum-major, escorted by two duty-sergeants.

At the Birthday parade some members of the royal family are usually present, the Prince and Princess of Wales having been there on nearly every occasion since their marriage; while the Duke of Cambridge, as Commander-in-chief, is always surrounded on this day by a numerous and distinguished suite, including all the foreign military *attachés*. The bands of the three regiments are brigaded together; and as the troops present on the review-ground consist of the picked men of the famous brigade of Foot Guards, together with the Life Guards, and their band in its State dress, the military spectacle is exceedingly imposing.

After the ceremony, the musicians—many of the members of which are celebrated artistes—march with the Queen's Guard as far as St James's Palace, playing all the way; and performing opposite the Prince of Wales's residence, some of the choicest *morceaux* from their musical repertoire, the programme commencing with the performance of the National Anthem. While this is being played, the two guards which are relieving and being relieved, present arms and lower their colours. The regiments take their new clothing into wear on this day; and the drum-majors don their State uniform, the costliness and gorgeous character of which we mentioned in the article on 'Drummers and Fifers,' in our number for 30th September 1876.

The officers of the Queen's Guard consist of a Captain (ranking as Lieutenant-colonel); Lieutenant (ranking as Captain); and a Second Lieutenant. We have already explained in these columns how it is that the officers of the Guards bear a double rank—that is, an officer who would be simply a Lieutenant in the line, would be in the Guards a 'Lieutenant and captain,' and so on through the other ranks. This strange custom is, under the Warrant of 1871, abolishing the purchase of commissions, to be allowed to die out. It was an anomaly which has frequently caused confusion and jealousy.

In the old days prior to the Crimean War, the Queen's Guard used to 'mount' in the Old Palace Yard of St James's; and when the old guard had marched away, the colour of the new guard was placed in a post in the centre of the yard, where it remained flying till sunset, under the charge of a sentry. It was then removed into the officers' messroom, and brought out again in the morning. The post stands there still, but its 'glory has departed,' as the colour is seldom displayed except at levees. On 'Waterloo Day,' a surviving veteran from Chelsea Hospital used to attend at the Palace and tie a bunch of laurel on the colour with a piece of the Waterloo medal ribbon; but the later battles of Alma and Inkermann having eclipsed the splendour of Waterloo, the custom was discontinued.

On royal birthdays, every member of the

guard under the command of the captain, is allowed a sum of money—to drink the health of the Prince or Princess whose birthday it is—which averages about fourpence per man. The officers receive a guinea each. On Her Majesty's birthday the sum is doubled. Every officer on mounting guard for the first time, and on promotion, is expected to pay his 'footing' in a sum which is distributed among the non-commissioned officers of the guard. This, however, is an old custom, which is now sometimes more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Within the precincts of the old Palace stands the Guard-room, the former discomfort of which has now been partly remedied by certain improvements; and here the rank and file have to make themselves as comfortable as they can under the circumstances, through a long dreary day and night, each man taking his turn every four hours to do two hours' 'sentry-go' on some dull and lonely post in the vicinity of the Palace and Park. On mounting guard the senior sergeant reads aloud the standing orders for the guard, and the orders for the sentinels on the different posts; and this reading is repeated by one of the other sergeants to the first batch of sentries when they have been relieved. Each sentry before being relieved from his post is supposed to repeat to the new sentry *verbatim* the orders of the post; and some amusing incidents often happen in this way, especially when the sentry is a recruit, and being uneducated perhaps, is unable to remember the exact terms in which the order is couched.

Next to the privates' guard-room is that of the officers—or speaking more correctly, the officers' mess. Here the officers of the other sections of the Queen's Guard, and the officers of the Cavalry Guard, which also mounts at the Tilt Yard every morning, come to dine in the evening; the government allowing an annual sum of about two thousand pounds for the purpose of keeping the mess up. The luxurious fittings of this place and the comfortable bedrooms are in strange contrast with the cold passages and dreary walls of the privates' guard-room. The only duty which these officers have to perform is to inspect a batch of sentries once or twice during the day, and to go the 'rounds' once during the night, the remainder of their time being passed in lounging to and fro between the 'Guards' Club' in Pall Mall and the guard-room mess.

The 'rounds' take place at eleven o'clock P.M., and at one and three o'clock A.M.; the officers going in the order of their rank, the captain of the guard (the colonel) being first. The eleven o'clock rounds are called the 'Grand Rounds,' when the colonel is accompanied by a sergeant, a drummer carrying a lighted lantern, and two privates; the sergeant bearing the keys of the Palace gates. The officer certifies the next day in his guard-report that he personally visited the sentries at such an hour and found all well.

Upon their approach, the sentry challenges, either by word of mouth or a stamp of the foot. The sergeant replies in the same manner, and the sentry presenting arms says: 'Advance, grand rounds! All's well!'—the word 'grand' being omitted in the case of the one o'clock and three o'clock rounds.

People were once in the habit of endeavouring to frighten sentries who were posted in a lonely

spot; and not only were these silly jokes practised by civilians, such as domestic servants and others, who imitated the tricks of the notorious 'spring-heeled' Jack, but by some of the officers themselves, who should have known better. The conviction of an officer for an unmanly offence of this kind, put an end to all such foolish proceedings.

One of the most curious 'guards' in London is that which is termed the 'Bank Piquet,' and which proceeds to take up its nightly quarters inside the Bank of England every evening at seven o'clock all the year round, remaining there until seven the next morning. It is an officer's guard, and consists besides of a drummer, two sergeants, and over thirty men. Each man receives a shilling from the Bank authorities immediately on his arrival, the sergeant's share being two shillings. The officer is allowed a dinner, laid for two, with three bottles of wine, and is permitted to invite a friend. The guard or piquet is comfortably housed, each man being 'served out' with a watch-coat and a blanket; and sentries are posted during the night at the bullion vaults and the counting-house parlour.

In the Opera season, a small sergeant's guard is posted at Covent Garden, for which duty the men also receive a shilling each, although they are there not more than four hours. At the magazine in Hyde Park there is also a sergeant's guard, where the sentry 'paces his lonely round,' prepared for anybody who molests him at his post or attempts to injure the building.

With the exception of the Opera guards, which are more for ornament than anything else, these military guards are the relics of turbulent times; though none can deny that the 'Queen's Guard' is to a certain extent useful as well as ornamental; for it gives amusement to the country visitor, and a free musical entertainment to the idlers of the Parks; while the sentries themselves impart a certain liveliness to the many gorgeous though empty palaces which adorn the busiest city in the world.

JACK QUARTERMAIN'S VISION.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

'You will remain my friend, Val; won't you; and if anything should turn up, you will let me know, old fellow?'

'Of course, Jack. You may rely upon me. But is it really necessary for you to go? Can't we patch up a peace somehow, old boy?'

Jack Quartermain shook his head sorrowfully. Things had gone too far for an honourable compromise. Mr Verschoye had openly said, in the presence of all the clerks, that he considered Mr John Quartermain culpably negligent, if not actually guilty of the loss of several valuable deeds and papers from the inner office of Verschoye and Saunders. These papers all related to the property of Jessie Hamilton, Mr Verschoye's niece and ward. And what made it hardest of all on poor Jack was that he and Jessie had quarrelled a short time before; they had had hot angry words about Val Saunders, Jack's 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' and fellow-clerk.

Jack Quartermain was Mr Verschoye's nephew,

his only sister's only son. A poor, friendless, delicate, orphan baby, he had been left with the wealthy solicitor, and brought up by him as his own child; and Jack repaid the care and kindness he had received, with the warmest gratitude and esteem. Love, where Harry Verschoyle was concerned, seemed out of the question. Even Jessie Hamilton, with all her sweet winning ways and tenderesses, could awaken no stronger feeling than tolerant affection in the grim, stern old man whom she called uncle, and who was her sole guardian.

Lawyer Verschoyle's life was an unusually sad one. In his young days he had loved and married like other men, and his wife was the very idol of his existence. A sweet, gentle, timid, home-loving little woman was Ella Verschoyle; a woman who found all her happiness in her husband, her children, and her home, and had no thoughts, hopes, or ambitions beyond. One great nervous horror of Mrs Verschoyle's life was water; she could not bear either to go on it or walk by it. She had been born at sea in the midst of a raging tempest; and a deep-rooted aversion to ocean and river seemed a part of her very nature. Harry Verschoyle thought it would be a famous thing to cure his sweet little wife of her childish nervousness. They lived at Putney, in one of those pretty houses overlooking the river; and in the long pleasant summer evenings, Harry and his fellow-clerk and chum, Tom Saunders, used to thoroughly enjoy a pull up the river to Richmond, or down to Battersea. Sometimes Ada Leslie—an aquatic young lady from Hammersmith, who not only loved the river, but could handle an oar dexterously, and who was engaged to Tom—joined them; and it used to be a real grief to Harry to leave his young wife standing on the shore looking wistfully after him.

'Ella, I'm positively ashamed of you,' he said one evening as Tom Saunders and Miss Leslie pulled past. 'How jolly it would be if you could handle an oar like Ada. Do, darling, come for a little row with me, just as far as Hammersmith.'

'Do you really wish me to, Harry?' Ella asked with a nervous little shiver. 'I have such an unconquerable horror of the water!'

'Yes; and it's so childish, dearie. I'm on it evening after evening, and nothing happens. And look at Ada Leslie and lots of other girls. You don't think I would willingly take you into danger, Ella?'

'No, Harry; but I feel so frightened at the river.'

'Then you must try and be a little braver, for my sake, little woman. Let's follow Tom up the river; he'll be so surprised!'

'Very well, darling, since you wish it,' Ella replied. 'But may I take the children, Harry? I shall feel braver if Madgie and Bob are with me.'

'Certainly. They'll enjoy it immensely. Madgie will put you to shame, I'm sure; and Bob is a regular young duck. But wrap up well; for though the evening is so fine, it's rather chilly. Put a thick shawl over your head, darling; and

tie something round Madgie's neck, while I get out the boat.'

In a few moments Mrs Verschoyle and Madgie—a sturdy, sunburnt little body of four—and Bob, a daring mischievous lad of six, took their seats; and Mr Harry Verschoyle was pulling vigorously up the Thames. It was a glorious evening, late in September, with a clear purple sky, dotted with a few faint silver stars, and a great yellow moon climbing lazily up the dusky arch. The boat glided along smoothly, for Harry was an accomplished oarsman; and little Madgie fairly screamed with glee as she leaned over the side and held her tiny hand in the clear cold water.

Before they had been on the water half an hour, a fog began to rise, and in a few minutes everything was obscured by one of those thin floating gray mists that come and go so capriciously on the Thames. Harry turned back at once—he knew the river thoroughly, and was not in the least nervous; but his timid little wife fairly trembled with terror, and folded little Madgie close in her arms. Bob, in the bow of the boat, was singing in careless childish unconcern the refrain of a song he had often heard his father and Mr Saunders sing; and occasionally Mr Verschoyle himself would join in Bobbie's chorus of:

Row, brothers, row; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

About half the return journey was accomplished in safety, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, the boat came into violent collision with another boat—and capsized; and in an instant Harry Verschoyle, his wife and children, were struggling in the dark cold water. After the first moment of panic, Harry recovered himself, and struck out in search of his wife, calling her and his children by name, but without receiving any reply. At last, through the gloom—for the fog had grown denser—he thought he saw his wife's form rise to the surface; and seizing her in one arm, he struck out boldly for the nearest shore. By the time he reached it, he was too faint and exhausted to perceive that the woman he had saved was not his wife, but Ada Leslie. Ella, Madgie, and her brother were at the bottom of the river; and Tom Saunders, whose boat had run into Harry Verschoyle's, was picked up lower down more dead than alive.

Verschoyle never quite recovered that tragic occurrence. For many months he was so ill that his friends despaired of his recovery; and when his physical health began to improve, his reason seemed to be seriously impaired. Time, however, that does all things well, brought physical and mental strength; but even that great healer failed to bring back the sunshine and joyousness to the prematurely aged, broken-down, remorseful man. At seven-and-twenty he was gray and grim and hard, a cold, stern, almost repulsive man of business. His pleasant house by the river-side was sold, and he went to live over the office, in which he became junior partner, in a great dark silent house, in a gloomy street near Westminster Abbey. Ten solitary weary years passed away, and he became senior partner, head of the firm where his father had worked for thirty years; and Tom Saunders, his old chum, was first his head-clerk, and then his junior partner. They had a steady, intensely respectable business; and

Harry was unremitting in his attention to it, and made the names of Verschoyle and Saunders a synonym for honour and integrity.

After ten years' utter isolation, spent in toil and care and loneliness, Mr Verschoyle received into his house the only surviving sister of his wife, and her little daughter Jessie; but for nearly two years Mrs Hamilton failed to effect any change in the stern, austere life of her brother-in-law. He kept to his own apartments, and took no part in the domestic concerns of the little household. Then his late sister's husband, Lieutenant Quartermain, lost his life while with his regiment in India; and his little boy Jack, now an orphan, was left to the guardianship of his uncle and the motherly care of Mrs Hamilton.

For a few years things were brighter; the ring of childish laughter echoed through the house. Jack's unblushing face would greet Uncle Harry at the hall-door every evening, and his hands drag him into the drawing-room. Jessie, demure and modest, would slyly smile approval and encouragement through her thick auburn curls, or from behind her sampler, and almost unknown to herself. Lawyer Verschoyle was becoming domesticated, and almost affectionate; when, to his renewed grief, Mrs Hamilton was smitten with a fever, which carried her to her grave; after which the lawyer relapsed into his stony solitude. The children went to school, and only at vacation-time did they visit the office at Westminster, and not always even then, for both Jack and Jessie made personal friends amongst their schoolmates, whom Uncle Verschoyle always gladly gave them permission to visit, though he sternly forbade their ever inviting any one home.

And so the years passed away till Jessie was seventeen and declared 'finished;' and Jack Quartermain sixteen, and thinking seriously of a profession. Then Mr Verschoyle offered him a stool in the old established office, a home in the house, and a partnership in perspective; a post which Jack accepted gratefully. The routine of the lawyer's office was not at all distasteful to him. He had a good deal of application and a fair capacity for business, and gave very general satisfaction to his employers.

The years that had passed since Mrs Hamilton's death had confirmed Uncle Harry in his grimness and taciturnity. It was almost impossible to draw him from his dingy study and unceasing labours. The cheerful sound of Jessie's piano and Jack's well-cultivated baritone only caused him to lock his door impatiently, and drove his thoughts back to Madgie and Bob and his never-forgotten wife. He allowed his niece and nephew to amuse themselves pretty much as they liked—a liberty which had resulted in a closer tie than mere friendship between the two young people—and in the long winter evenings Val Saunders was a frequent visitor. He was the younger son of the other partner of the firm, and had a post, not of great trust or pecuniary value, in the outer office. Val did not love the law, or anything else which required work or thought. He would have made a capital butterfly; for the only thing he seemed fit for was to flit joyously and brightly through existence, sipping every sweet as he went—lingering over every pleasure, and skipping over every disagreeable with the most enviable ease and unconcern. A frank, happy disposition, a hand-

some face, a manner in which merry, boyish audacity and frank, eager confidence were happily blended, made Valentine Saunders a favourite wherever he went. His laugh was musical, his smile pleasanter still, his voice soft and sweet like a woman's, and he had a way of looking up at you when he spoke which was altogether charming. Nothing could exceed his good-humour except his good spirits; and his stock of both seemed unfailing.

Jack and Val were close friends in spite of the fact that the latter's thoughtless magnanimity and generosity not unfrequently got the former into pecuniary difficulties; but Jessie Hamilton, who was the repository for all Cousin Jack's secrets and troubles, didn't quite believe in Val. It was not altogether clear to her lesser intelligence why Jack should do the greater part of Val's work, and Val spend, or rather squander the greater part of Jack's money. Besides, Val's behaviour to herself was not at all satisfactory. He knew that she and Jack were long since pledged to each other; still he paid her the most ridiculous compliments, wrote sentimental verses in her scrap-book, and sent her valentines, which she put in the fire; and otherwise made himself objectionable, in spite of his handsome face and fascinating manner. Once Jessie ventured to question the prudence of Jack in having such an expensive, inconsiderate friend; and he flew into a fine temper, as a young man sometimes will when the young lady of his heart presumes to see a fault in the friend of his youth.

Jessie, he reasoned, was like all the rest of her sex, jealous, suspicious, and unreasonable! She hated his friends, and was intolerant and overbearing; and Val Saunders was the best, the dearest, the jolliest fellow on the face of the earth; and forsooth, it was rather soon for Jessie to begin to find fault with his friends yet! This, and much more to the same purpose, Jack blurted out in the heat of his wrath; and then he rushed off and told Val all about it; and that young gentleman innocently let Miss Hamilton know, and then was dreadfully sorry for having done so. Jessie was angry, of course—angry with herself, with Jack, with Valentine Saunders; and though incapable of sulks in a general way, she was certainly very cold and haughty, and a little scornful in her treatment of Mr John Quartermain for a few days. At the end of the week the climax of poor Jack's troubles was reached. Mr Verschoyle missed some papers from his office relating to the very modest fortune of Miss Hamilton. No one had access to the safe in which they were kept but Jack and the junior partner, Mr Saunders. But as the latter denied all knowledge of them, Mr Quartermain alone was held accountable.

'Perhaps Jack has hidden them for a lark,' Val said to Mr Verschoyle when he heard of the loss. 'He and Jessie have had a rumpus, and he may have done it to tease her.'

Mr Verschoyle puckered up his eyebrows into a very ominous frown. Val's suggestion formed itself into a certainty in his mind; and before he even questioned his nephew about the missing deeds, he felt quite convinced that he had abstracted them, for fun or for malice, as the case might be. Jack indignantly denied having

done any such thing. He was a man of business, and never carried practical jokes into the office. He knew nothing whatever of Miss Hamilton's papers; and as his uncle seemed to mistrust his words, and accused him of culpable negligence before the whole office, he then and there resigned his situation.

Jessie did not believe him guilty. She was very sweet and tender and sympathetic; and wept copiously when Jack spoke of going abroad; but after a little she saw that it was really the best thing he could do. Mr Verschoyle accepted his nephew's resignation in grim silence. It was in his opinion another proof of his guilt. He made no attempt at reconciliation, offered no advice or assistance; in short, simply ignored John Quartermain's existence from the day he left the office till the day he started by the *Scotia* for New York en route for California, where he was going to make his fortune and come back for Jessie.

Miss Hamilton was not a very demonstrative young lady; she did not make frantic vows of eternal constancy, or promise impossibilities in the way of correspondence; but there was a quiet earnestness about her that was reassuring. She said she would surely let Jack know if the deeds were discovered or if Uncle Harry relented. She bade him be of good courage, faithful, loyal, honest, and persevering, and he would command success. For herself, she could wait. Besides, she could not think of leaving Uncle Harry for years.

Jack went away more hopefully and cheerfully than might have been expected. Poor in purse and character—for many of those who had known him all his life more than half suspected him of having abstracted the deeds—friendless, and almost aimless, his prospects were not very bright; still he started hopefully, resolved to conquer the most adverse circumstances, strong in the consciousness of his innocence, and fully satisfied that he left behind him the truest love and the truest friend ever man had. With Jessie and Val to watch over his interests at home, he had nothing to fear; and so he set off one dismal November evening, with the unalterable resolution of returning to London a rich man, or never returning at all.

'Good-bye, old fellow. I'll write every mail and tell you everything,' Val said, dashing away the tears that kept brimming up in his eyes. 'Whoever fails, you may rely on me, Jack!'

'Good-bye, old fellow. God bless you!' returned Jack huskily. 'I never had a brother, Val; but if I had, I couldn't care more about him than I do about you. Take care of yourself—and of Jessie. And don't forget me in my exile, Val. And mark my words—the deeds will turn up all right yet.' And then they had a final hand-squeeze, and then the train which was to convey Jack to Liverpool, writhed slowly out of the station, and was gone.

Valentine Saunders gave himself a shake, buttoned up his ulster, thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked away from Euston Station. But presently the mud underfoot and the fog overhead became too much for him, and hailing a hansom, he jumped in, and desired the man to drive to Westminster. 'Poor Jack! What a wretched night for travelling,' he mused. 'He'll be half-dead, super-ultra frosted before he reaches

Liverpool. I'll miss him. But after all, he's better away. And now to tell Jessie.'

But to Mr Val Saunders's intense amazement, Miss Jessie Hamilton refused to see him.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF INSECTS.

AFTER many centuries passed in observations, the words of the poet Ovid are confirmed by modern science: 'Our bodies are transformed; what we were yesterday, what we are to-day, we shall not be to-morrow.' Living beings only exist under the conditions of perpetual change. Put an animal or plant into the scale, and carefully determine its weight; very shortly after, the equilibrium alters, the body becomes lighter as the result of life and living, and until new matter in the shape of food be received, the original condition of matters cannot be reproduced. From the time when the egg is broken, the functions and forms of the young creature are ever varying. In the marvellous edifices which we call organised beings, that rush of life-giving principle which animates nature is perpetually demolishing and reconstructing.

Among new-born insects there are two distinct groups—those which resemble their parents, and those which differ materially from them. The first have only to grow; the second are to be changed in almost every respect, and to submit to some very curious transformations. These have been watched with the most patient care by well-known naturalists; and we propose giving a few instances among familiar insects, such as the Coleoptera or beetles; the Libellulæ or Ephemera, dragonflies and dayflies; ants, &c.; the Hymenoptera, bees and wasps; the Lepidoptera or butterflies. The eggs of these, as a general rule, pass through three metamorphoses—the state of the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the perfect insect; but in some the changes are much more marked than in others.

Let us take one of the species which, thanks to the extreme apparent brevity of their lives, seem to exist but one day, and are therefore called Ephemera or Dayflies. On the banks of rivers, just above the level of the water, small round holes may be noticed, generally grouped two together. They are the entrance and exit to winding galleries, which are inhabited by the larvæ or caterpillars of the *Ephemera albipennis*. Two very large eyes, a pair of strong mandibles with which to dig, and jaws fit for grasping the smaller fry which serve them apparently for food, are Nature's provision. The abdomen is terminated by three long leaflike organs, bristling with hair, and covered with wide fringed layers, which the little creature agitates with great velocity. They are the organs of aquatic respiration leading to the tracheæ or air-tubes which extract oxygen from the water and carry through the body the air necessary for the life of the insect. For a lengthened period, varying in duration, the ephemeron thus lives as a larva; then passing to the state of the chrysalis or nymph, it inhabits the same home, and differs only from the larva in the appearance of rudimentary wings. But every year at the same epoch, unless the variation of temperature exercise a very marked influence, from the eighth to the eighteenth of August the ephemera undergo their great meta-

morphosis. Between eight and half-past eight in the evening some nymphs leave their galleries; as soon as they are on dry land the skin breaks in two, and the perfect insect throws off its envelope as rapidly as we do a dress. In a moment it flies away, leaving its organs of aquatic respiration attached to its skin, to be replaced by others of a different kind. Soon joined by myriads of its companions, the air is filled with them; from nine to half-past they form great clouds, surround the passer-by, and fall over the earth and water like a deep snow. At ten o'clock, scarcely any are to be seen; for in one hour these insects, which had been grovelling in mud for many months, have been changed into sportive flies provided with four wings of fine network, have laid masses of from seven to eight hundred eggs, and then died; fit emblem of the life of man, to which they have often been compared.

We have all seen the white cabbage butterfly, yellow beneath and spotted with black, on some fine August day flying with its mate, waltzing, pursuing, and careering together. The dance lasts but half an hour, which counts for much in a butterfly's life. When it is ended, the female chooses a leaf, upon which she lays many hundred eggs, and then dies. The eggs are artistically arranged beside each other, carefully glued at the base, and left to a thousand chances. The greater number perish; but some always do well, and are in due course hatched into small green caterpillars.

The egg is like a very small seed; and the young caterpillar when hatched is of a proportionate size; but the rapidity of its growth is really enormous, and does not seem to be gradual, like that of other insects. It eats with voracity; but after a few days its appetite is gone; it languishes; the colour fades and dries, and it seeks a shelter. Watch it in its retreat, and it may be seen pinning its feet to the ground, contracting and swelling its body for hours together. After these fatiguing exertions, the skin breaks about the fourth ring; the caterpillar first pushes out its head, then emerges the rest of the body, and the being finally appears in a new and bright-coloured dress. At the same time the size is greatly increased, and it would be an impossibility to return into the envelope just cast aside. This phenomenon of the change of skin is repeated many times, until the caterpillar has reached its full size, which is about October or November.

Then is the time to prepare for its first metamorphosis. The voracious caterpillar ceases its operations upon the gardener's cabbages, and seeks the hollow of a tree or a hole in a wall, where the place seems to be suitable to begin its preparations. There is apparently no necessity for it to spin a cocoon like the silkworm, but it lays a platform of fine strong silky threads, crossed in every direction, upon which its feet can fasten. Then bending its head and body to the middle of the back, like an acrobat, it attaches a thread to one of the sides, spins it out to the opposite one, and continues this work until it has formed a kind of girth composed of fifty strands. That ended, the skin is cast for the last time, and what a change ensues! The creature that now emerges is no longer a caterpillar, but a chrysalis, which, supported by the hooks of the tail and the silken girth, is suspended horizontally in its retreat,

very much as fishes and reptiles are hung in museums.

Who would believe that under this form we could trace the butterfly? The skin is quickly dried; it is like a horny coating, of an ash colour, spotted with yellow and black; and though it has gained in thickness, it is shortened by one-third. Yet knowing what this inert mass will eventually become, it is possible, as development proceeds, to distinguish under the covering the traces of organs such as the wings, antennæ, and proboscis; just as the form of the mummy may be perceived in its swathing bands. The final metamorphosis begins about the middle of spring; then the covering cracks down the centre; the imago or perfect form emerges, and the butterfly in its beauty appears. Yet in the first moments of the new life the soft feet can scarcely bear the light weight; the wings, folded in microscopic zigzags, refuse to act; and the trunk extends in a straight line. But soon, under the vivifying action of the air, the superabundant moisture evaporates, the legs grow strong, the wings spread; and the insect, once an egg, then creeping as a caterpillar, then immovable as the pendent chrysalis, flies to the nearest flower, to enjoy its first honeyed repast.

To the Hymenoptera belong the family of the Ichneumons, which render the most important services every year to our gardens, fields, and forests, by feeding on their most redoubtable enemies and destroying other insects and their larvæ in myriads. Among these little creatures we will choose one because its history is so closely allied to that of the butterfly whose metamorphoses we have been describing. The *Microgaster glomeratus* resembles a small fly, with four wings, a black body, yellow feet, hairy round the eyes, and antennæ or horns which move without ceasing. Every female is also provided with an apparatus, formed of three pieces, the use of which will be soon apparent. When one of these flies wishes to lay her eggs, she starts in quest of a caterpillar belonging to the tribe of the cabbage-butterfly. As soon as it is found, she darts down upon it, fastens herself firmly to the back, pierces the skin with her ovipositor (egg-layer), burying the instrument deeply in the flesh, the jointed pieces forming a kind of canal. An egg is then detached from the ovary, and gliding down the tube, is laid safely in the tissues of the caterpillar. The ovipositor is then withdrawn, the insect advances a few steps, and continues the operation.

Vainly does the poor caterpillar try to free itself from its ruthless enemy by twisting the body in every direction; the fly calmly pursues her work of egg-laying until all is finished, and from forty to fifty eggs have been placed in safety. That done she flies away, and her life is soon closed. After her departure, the caterpillar betrays no sign of suffering; the wounds heal, the skin is changed at the usual time, and the first metamorphosis takes place as if nothing had occurred. But her life is never prolonged to the second change, for there issue from the chrysalis not a butterfly, but as many small larvæ as the ichneumon laid eggs. Prior to this, and with wonderful instinct, these larvæ have fed upon the caterpillar, avoiding the essential organs at first with great care, and only attacking the fat which envelops them. Then

becoming stronger and more voracious, when their unwilling nurse has reached her full growth and is transformed, they soon devour the whole, after which they emerge from the now empty chrysalis case, and spin for themselves little cocoons. In these homes they pass the winter without change of form, becoming in spring so many nymphs; reappearing after a few days as winged ichneumons. About half are females, who soon set about to sacrifice as many caterpillars for the sake of their future brood. Réaumur calculates that at least nine-tenths of the cabbage-butterfly thus perish; and in some years, of two hundred watched by M. Blanchard, three only arrived at the butterfly stage; the other hundred and ninety-seven having been eaten by the terrible fly. Gardeners owe an immense debt of gratitude to this little insect, which saves their plots of vegetables from the destructive jaws of the butterfly-larvæ.

Among the Coleoptera, the cockchafer will afford a good specimen of the various changes passed through. About the end of April, just after sunset, the female flies in search of a plot of light ground, sown and well manured, a piece of market-garden being preferred, in which she digs a hole, lays about thirty eggs, and dies. In a month there issues from every egg a little white maggot, armed with a powerful apparatus for mastication; the soft oblong body divided into twelve rings, and eighteen very apparent stigmata or breathing apertures. At first they live as one family. The dead vegetables buried in the ground, and the roots of plants that are growing, suffice for the requirements of the young brood during the first season. Nor does the cold separate them; they dig down still deeper, where a spacious apartment shields them securely from the frost; and thus they pass the winter. Spring finds them, like all larvæ, stronger and more voracious; so that when they cannot get support in one place, they separate, and each hollowing its own special gallery, approaches nearer to the surface of the soil towards the young roots.

It is now that they become the terror of gardeners, ravaging their grounds as well as fields of wheat, and even killing shrubs by injuring the roots; an invisible enemy, but none the less dangerous when the results appear. Happily, England is free from great numbers of them, but France and Germany suffer severely. As soon as the cold weather returns, they bury themselves again, to recommence the following year a life that is prolonged for three years or more. Having at length reached their final growth, each larva hollows for itself a last gallery, deeper than the preceding ones, constructs an oval space plastered with earth, well worked by a viscous substance; and in this nest it is transformed into a nymph or chrysalis.

For five or six months the cockchafer rests benumbed in its new form. Towards the end of February, it awakens in its lair, but not yet ready to meet the perils it may encounter outside; for still soft and colourless, it remains in the earth until its integuments are strong, and ventures—a perfect insect—into daylight only in the middle of April. It immediately flies to the nearest tree; and now that it has become a perfect insect, it begins to eat leaves just as voraciously as it did roots when a larva. Hundredweights of these pests are in some places gathered into sacks by

women and children, and burned in immense fires.

The order of Diptera or flies forms a kind of transition between those insects which we have noticed as going through a complete metamorphosis and some which shew an incomplete one. Take one of the flies upon whose history Réaumur spent so much study, the *Stratiomys chameleon*. It is a beautiful insect, a little longer and larger than a bee, of a yellow colour, the abdomen brown spotted with white. The fleshy proboscis which serves to draw honeyed nectar from the flowers, is hidden when at rest in a cavity in the brow. Such is its perfect state. Let us look at the larva, which we shall perceive is a kind of flat worm, brown in colour, divided into twelve rings, without any trace of feet, and a rough pimpled skin, which strongly resembles wet parchment. Roaming previously through the air, its home is now in stagnant pools, where it moves about much like the leech; but obliged to breathe the free air, it is provided with a curious piece of mechanism. The last ring of the body, much lengthened, ends in a tuft of silky hair like feathers. These surround an orifice communicating with the two large breathing tubes extending from one end of the body to the other. The insect usually keeps this orifice closed and the hairs well together; but when it wishes to breathe, it mounts to the surface, spreads out its bouquet of feathers, and supported by it, remains suspended head downwards, whilst the air freely enters, penetrates into the trachea, and spreads through the whole body.

About the beginning of summer, some of these worms have become immovable and stiff. If they are cautiously opened, the fully formed nymph will be found. At the moment of metamorphosis the *Stratiomys* has burst its skin like other insects; but instead of emerging from it, it remains within, thus sparing itself the trouble of hollowing a nest or spinning a cocoon. The skin is in fact a very large habitation, which is far from being fully occupied; for in changing its state, the body has shrunk, until it scarcely occupies the space corresponding to five of its rings. On the other hand, the proboscis, the eyes, feet, and wings have pushed to the outside; and not less considerable changes have taken place in the interior. Thus lightened, the skin of the larva serving as a shell, it floats on the surface of the water. In about five or six days the awakening nymph stretches herself in her coffer, bursts open the upper part, and disengaging her limbs one by one from the enveloping crust, issues from the floating cradle. More fortunate than many aquatic larvæ, it fears no shipwreck; and walking on the water as on dry land, it frees its body from the last folds that imprison it.

The Orthoptera—which include locusts, crickets, and grasshoppers—undergo a series of imperfect metamorphoses, since on leaving the egg they already possess most of the distinctive characters of the perfect state. The larva of the locust leaps, and eats grass like its parents; the organs of locomotion and digestion have their definitive forms and proportions; the future female has a kind of two-edged sword at the extremity of the body, which is nothing but a dibble, destined to dig a hole in the earth where her eggs are to be buried and safely sheltered. Nothing is wanting for the

perfect insect but greater size and wings. At each casting of the skin it increases in bulk, and the organs of flight soon shew themselves under the form of rudimentary folds. Even when it assumes the state of the nymph, nothing changes in its way of life; development goes on, and when the last coat is shed, the wings have reached their full size.

There is one remark which may be made in conclusion as to the increase of weight and size, which goes on in the earlier stages with such extreme rapidity, gradually lessening as the insect reaches the final type. In twenty-four hours, as Redi tells us, the larva of the flesh-fly (*Musca carnaria*) becomes from a hundred and forty to two hundred times heavier. Lyonnet, drawing his conclusions partly from direct experience and partly from calculation, says that the willow caterpillar (*Cossus ligniperda*), when ready to assume the chrysalis form, weighs no less than seventy-two thousand times more than when it issues from the egg. On reaching the imago or perfect stage, insects in general cease from growing, and are often smaller than the larvæ. But the larva of an insect before changing into the chrysalis has laid up all the materials necessary for growth; an abundant fatty tissue surrounds the organs, of which no trace remains in the perfect state. It has all been used in the re-arrangement of the various parts; and when the crisis is passed, the worthless remains are cast out. In some butterflies this matter is coloured red; and when issuing from the cocoon, the spots it leaves on walls, stones, or branches are so numerous as to make the observer fancy that there has been a shower of blood.

As a last reflection on the meaning of these curious changes in development, we may add, that one sees in such phases a clear proof of that uniformity of structure, and probably of origin also, which connects all the jointed animals or *articulates*, from the worm upwards to the lobster, in one great type or series. Such uniformity is a fact of nature, and it seems nowhere more clearly shewn us than in the fact that an aerial insect begins its existence as a crawling worm inseparable from the lower orders of the great group of animals just mentioned.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

THE war I refer to was not one of those which we have lately had upon our own hands, but that which a few years ago raged so long, so fiercely, between the Northern and the Southern States of America. It was my fortune to serve on the medical staff with a portion of the Northern army during most of that terrible struggle; and it is needless to say that many personal incidents came under my notice, which will never leave my memory. Not one of them, however, made so painful an impression upon me as that which I am about to describe.

Towards noon on the day after one of the fiercest of all the war, a young soldier was brought in from the battle-field, where by some mischance he had been overlooked and abandoned, while comrades of his far less grievously wounded than he, had been sheltered and tended before

nightfall. The poor fellow had lain all night and during the long scorching hours of the morning, amid heaps of dead, both men and horses, suffering from the loss of an arm, and other wounds. An army surgeon is not as a rule a man prone to undue sentiment or to feminine softness at the sight of physical suffering; and I am not conscious of any weakness that makes me an exception in this particular. There was, however, in this youth's expression of countenance something which struck me irresistibly, and with the strong glance of his large bright eye, fixed my attention and awakened my eager interest. He was a slender youth, tall, yet gracefully made, with a head which, as the novelists phrase it, would bring ecstasy to the soul of a sculptor; and every feature moulded to the true type of manly beauty. A single glance gave me this summary outline of my patient before I had time to ascertain the nature or extent of his injuries. A very brief examination soon told me that the life which for hours had been ebbing so painfully away, was well nigh spent; and he must have read the awful truth in my face, for he whispered to me faintly and sadly as I rose: 'Is there, then, no hope?'

Alas! there was no hope; but I had not speech to tell him so; for something was rising into my throat and choking me, and a moisture in my eyes was blinding me; and the only reply I could give him was a shake of my head. The brave spirit which had nerved him through the fight had kept him up till now; but now, when the dismal truth had broken upon him, there passed over his pallid face a look of mingled disappointment and resignation which it was painful beyond expression to witness. I lost no time in giving him such surgical aid as his desperate condition called for and his waning strength could bear. I had hardly done so when an unexpected voice addressed him: 'My own dear boy! my brave heroic boy!' The tone was of cheery encouragement, yet feebly disguising the woe of a breaking heart; for it was his mother's voice that spoke, and her lips that kissed his fevered brow. Gently she turned back his disordered and blood-stained locks, dissembling with evident effort the mother's anguish, lest she should add another sorrow to the pangs of his dying hour.

'My mother!' he cried, with almost frantic delight. 'Is it you, my mother? How came you here? Is it you, or am I dreaming?'—and as he spoke he threw his only remaining arm around her neck, and kissed her with all the rapture of a child. 'Thank God!' he continued in snatches, as his failing strength allowed him—'thank God for this blessed joy, that I see your face once more, my mother. All last night, as I lay amid the dreadful sights around me, I prayed one prayer in all my pain, and only one. I prayed that I might look once more upon your face, my sweetest mother, once more hear your voice. I seemed to pray in vain, yet still I prayed.'

'My poor, poor boy,' she said; 'a curse upon the hand that has brought you to this!' and her tears at length broke from her control.

To the amazement of all, there appeared to be something in this exclamation of his mother that

stimulated the dying youth to a final effort of speech and motion. He half raised himself from his bed, and with that unaccountable energy which sometimes marks the closing moments of life, he said: 'No, no! don't say that. Don't say accurst. You know not the words you are speaking. Oh!' he cried after a moment's pause, 'how shall I tell her the horrible tale? How can I smite her down with such a blow, at such an hour?' and he fell back exhausted upon his pillow. The effort had been too much for him, and for some moments we doubted if the spirit had not fled. It was only a passing weakness, however, and before long he rallied again. Again he spoke, but with a kind of dreamy half-consciousness; at one moment gazing into his mother's eyes, at another seemingly forgetful of her presence.

'Truly it was a bloody field,' he said. 'I had been in several hard-fought fights before, but they were all children's pastime compared with that of yesterday. No sooner had we come in sight of the enemy, than the ringing voice of the General was heard: "At them, my boys, and do your duty!" What happened after that I know not. "Know not," do I say? Oh, would it were true that I knew not! Begrimed with dust, each man was confronted with his own individual foe; and if there be fighting among fiends, then surely did our fighting resemble theirs. I was myself wounded, when a fair-haired man bore down upon me from the opposing line, if line it could then be called, and I received his headlong onset with a terrific bayonet-thrust, and as he fell I thought of Cain, and of that deed which has made the name of Cain a name of malediction for ever. I know not why, but I felt myself compelled to halt in the midst of the mêlée, to kneel beside that fair-haired man and look at him. I turned him over, and looked upon his face—his dear dead face. Ah! mother, it was—it was my brother's face, and my own arm had slain him!'

The scene at that moment it would not be easy to describe. In an instant the weeping mother's tears were dry and her face became passionless as marble. My own emotion, which I have already acknowledged, I took no pains to conceal. Rough, hard-favoured soldiers standing by listened with bated breath to this more than tragic narrative, while big tear-drops welled from their eyes unchecked and undisguised.

'Yes,' he continued, soliloquising, 'my own arm had slain him. Dear darling brother Fred! I laid my face upon his, and it was cold—that face which in our boyhood seemed but the mirror of my own; ever near me—at home, at school, at meat, at play—which laughed when I was glad, and wept when I was sorrowful. Oh, would we both had died in those fresh bright days of innocence. I kissed his pallid lips; I looked into his eyes, but in them was no responsive glance. He was dead. I had slain him! The very thought was a burning madness in my brain. I heeded not the carnage around me. I thought not of my own wounds. I even knew not when my arm was gone. Oh, the arm that had done such a deed deserved to perish. Forgive me, O my brother! How gladly would I give my life to bring back thine again!—Stay, friends; do not shut out the blessed light. Let in the light. I cannot see my

mother.—Fred, sweet brother, put up your sword, and let us play with flowers once more upon this pleasant grass.'

And so he passed away—to join his brother, let us hope, in a land where bloom the flowers that never fade, where strifes and wars are unknown, and where the mysteries and misunderstandings of our present state are dispelled by the light that never dies.

Reverence for the childless mother's grief, as well as the many-voiced call of duty, prevented my making at the moment the inquiries which thronged my mind both as to the history of this strangely sorrow-smitten family, and the means by which the poor mother had come to know of her son's condition and whereabouts. I have often since tried to trace her; but the search has always been fruitless. They certainly belonged to the better class of society; and I think it likewise certain that they were Southerners. The younger brother—which I took him to be—whose sad narrative is here given, had probably resided for some time in the North, and becoming imbued with the sentiments and opinions which charged the atmosphere around him, found himself eventually in the ranks. In a word, I look upon the whole episode as one of those awful coincidences of fate which are generally thought to take place only in the pages of romance, but which a pretty wide experience has taught me to believe are by no means infrequent among the unrecorded realities of life.

STRONG JAMIE, THE CENTENARIAN STUART.

IN an article under the title of 'Centenarianism,' we gave an account of the remarkable tests which experienced men have recently applied to the well-known stories of persons who have lived not only to a hundred years, but to a much more advanced age. We wish to add a brief supplement or appendix relating to a man who unquestionably survived to an exceptionally great age, and was withal a very notable character.

There have more than once been claims put forward for certain persons, each as having been 'The last of the Stuarts.' These claims, however, are not of much value, unless taken simply in reference to the *direct* line of descent; seeing that those in the *indirect* line must of course be more numerous and less interesting.

One of the statements or reports of this kind is under date 1844, when the Scottish borderers spoke of the 'Last of the Stuarts' as having just died. The man was in every way remarkable, let him have had blue blood or not in his veins. James Stuart, according to the account which he was accustomed to give of himself, was born in 1728. His father was General John Stuart, reputed to be a near relation to the elder Pretender, son of James II.; his mother was a daughter of Lady Airlie. The parents having gone to America, the child was born at Charles-town in South Carolina. The father dying in 1733, the child was brought by his mother to her native Scotland. Landed in the old world, James Stuart commenced his chequered career. He received his education at Aberdeen. According to his own story, told in later life, he recollected

having been present at the battle of Prestonpans in the year 1745; witnessed the death of Colonel Gardiner, and the flight of that Johnny Cope who has been so unmercifully quizzed in Scottish song; been a spectator of the triumphal entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh; and seen if not joined in the battle of Culloden. In 1748 he enlisted in the 42d Highlanders, and went to Canada, where he fought at the battle of Quebec, and witnessed the death of General Wolfe. His good conduct earned for him an ensign's commission; but when he returned to England a few years afterwards, he sold out.

We next hear of James Stuart as a seaman, perhaps a petty or warrant officer, under Admiral Rodney. Next he became a sailor in the merchant service; then a midshipman. At last, about the age of sixty, he left off warlike adventures by land and sea, and became a wandering fiddler, which he continued to be for the remaining fifty or sixty years of his life, picking up a living in the country districts of the south-east of Scotland, but making Tweedmouth his general home. He and all admitted that he was a wretched fiddler, a mere scraper; but as he was honest and truthful, never begged, and never got tipsy, he was everywhere welcome. When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, Sir John Sinclair fitted out James Stuart (at that time aged ninety-four) with a new uniform, in which to be presented to the king as a real veteran—possibly also as the 'The last of the Stuarts.' Stuart was far from being a Malthusian; he married in succession five wives, and had twenty-seven children, of whom as many as ten sons were killed in battle by land or sea.

The Berwickshire journals in 1844 gave much information concerning this remarkable man. Though short of stature, he possessed prodigious strength, which earned for him the familiar cognomen of 'Jamie Strang' or 'Strong Jamie.' A writer in the *Berwick Advertiser* said: 'We have heard him state that the greatest weight he ever lifted from the ground was one hundred and five stone, and that he had lifted eighty-five stone with one hand. When the Forfarshire militia was encamped at Eyemouth, he went to see an acquaintance among them. While there, a dancing-master was boasting much of his strength; whereupon one of the soldiers, knowing Stuart, engaged to provide a drummer who would lift more than the boaster could. Stuart, dressed as a drummer, was brought in. A piece of ordnance was lying before them, which the dancing-master raised to the perpendicular, and then allowed to fall. He asked the drummer whether he could do that? Stuart pretended that he was not very sure that he could; but placing his arms round the cannon, he raised it entirely from the ground, and carried it to some distance. At another time, when at Velvet Hall, near Berwick, some countrymen were labouring to get a cart laden with hay out of a miry hole into which by some accident it had stuck fast. Stuart was appealed to for assistance. He desired them all to stand aside, and going underneath the cart, removed it with its load to the opposite side of the road.'

This extraordinary man (it is averred in many quarters) actually went fiddling about the country till nearly one hundred and fourteen years old. A small sum was then collected for him, towards which the Queen and the late Sir Robert Peel con-

tributed. Stuart declared that he 'hadna been sae weel aff this hunder year.' At length his career closed. He died at Tweedmouth on the 11th of April 1844, and was buried on the 14th in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. The *Berwick Advertiser* a few days afterwards contained an advertisement relating to statuettes of the veteran.

Probably none of the critical investigators of centenarianism would absolutely deny the truth of the assertion that James Stuart lived to the advanced age of one hundred and fourteen; they would simply suspend their belief until corroborative testimony had been brought forward—testimony supporting the verbal statements of the old man.

WHERE SHALL WE ROAM?

WHERE shall we roam, O maiden mine?
To North, to South, to East or West?
Raise but thine eyes, and give the sign;
Where shall we roam?—which way is best?

See! to the North the clear, cold star
Would lead us, where the icebergs rise;
Where Silence reigns, and from afar
The snow-flakes falling shroud the skies.

No, no; the North is bleak and bare:
Too cold the wind, too chill the sea;
The sun itself is icy there.
The North is not the land for me.

Then seek the South, where skies are bright,
Where flowerets kiss the wand'rer's feet,
Where whispering zephyrs woo the night,
And but to live and love is sweet.

Or turn thee to the dawn of day,
Land of Romance and sacred tale;
Fair is the scene, nor far the way.
Thither, O loved one! let us sail.

Nor South, nor East? Then turn thee last
Where evening star-girt doth appear.—
Ah no! the evening fades too fast;
The night beyond is dark and drear.

Then, maiden mine, we will remain,
We two alone; no need to roam,
Nor ever wander forth again
Afar, if Love but stay at home.

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